

grew alarmed at how much a full-blown decontamination of the site would cost—estimates ranged up to a mind-boggling \$20 billion. Congress would never approve such a massive amount.

So by 1995, then-Lt. Gov. Gail Schoettler, another Democrat, tried to bust loose the logjam. She got a deal inked by the state, the Army, Shell, the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service and U.S. Environmental Protection Agency.

The planned cleanup will cost about \$2 billion, of which more than \$700 million already has been spent.

Now the job of holding the feds' feet to the fire has fallen to Gov. Bill Owens, a Republican who shows the same high level of concern.

And rightly so, for the 1996 deal gave Colorado half-a-loaf. For example, Adams County communities whose drinking water was ruined by the arsenal's runoff had been promised clean water. But they'll get only 4,000 acre-feet annually instead of the 10,000 acre-feet they need.

Yet, without the 1996 pact, toxins might still be oozing into the environment; lawyers certainly would still be arguing; and Congress could still be refusing to fund any real cleanup work.

As it is, some progress has been made. The feds built systems to stop pollution from reaching drinking water supplies. Some chemicals have been incinerated. A vast vat of toxic sludge called Basin F has been dug up, and its materials moved to a more stable containment site. And arsenal workers are investigating suspected problem areas—which is how they found the sarin bomblets.

Much more work lies ahead. In fact, the 1996 plan envisioned the cleanup taking at least 10 years.

Even when the plan is fulfilled, though, the place will still be polluted by substances that require decades, sometimes centuries, to break down into less toxic forms.

So despite the eagles and tour groups, here's the harsh reality about the arsenal: It will harbor deadly wastes for longer than our great-grandchildren will be alive.

[From the Denver Post, Sept. 18, 1994]

TRIUMPH ON THE SEVENTH TRY

(By Penelope Purdy)

A rainbow had decorated the previous evening. At dawn, the air's chill reminded us that autumn was peeking around the corner of the calendar. Now, in mid-morning, the cobalt September sky turned hot. Dark glasses replaced head lamps.

At about 13,000 feet above sea level, I paused and wondered when tenacity mutates into obsession.

During journeys to this valley near Westcliffe in south-central Colorado, my boots had trod many summits—Kit Carson, Challenger Point, Humboldt Peak, Crestone Needle, all of them over 14,000 feet in elevation. Crestone Peak, however, had eluded me. Six times I had been turned back from its top by lightning, fatigue and route-finding errors.

This commonly climbed mountain should not have stirred such strong emotions. I really had nothing to prove, with a Himalayan ascent, two summits in the Andes, and 52 of Colorado's 54 "14-ers" to my credit. Yet I returned repeatedly to battle this heap of loose rock.

"We've got it now," said the fellow with twinkling eyes who stood by my side. John was his name, and he had already been up this mountain, as he had all Colorado's "14-ers" and most of the state's summits over 13,000 feet. He was here this day because he likes the mountains, and because he knew how important this peak was to me.

For nearly a decade, we had shared a rope, a tent, and many peaks and valleys. The years and the memories had molded a relationship as close as two people can share without physical intimacy.

"Yeah, well, partner, I never say we have it until we really have it. I think it's bad karma," I said.

"I don't believe in karma," he replied. As we trudged up the next 500 vertical feet, we debated the relative merits of karmic Buddhism vs. rational empiricism.

He had saved my hide more times than I could count: grabbing me when I slipped on a slick log bridge so I didn't pitch head-first into a roaring stream with a full pack; carrying me to safety when I had broken a bone in a wilderness fall . . .

I remembered how on Kit Carson Peak, he and I were with another friend who was an inexperienced climber, and who had grown nervous at a certain tough spot. John had said, "Steve, if you don't think you can cut the mustard, I have some right here"—and John whipped out of his coat pocket a deli-sized packet of Grey Poupon. Steve's nervousness evaporated into laughter.

Now, on Crestone, partner John was jesting again, venting his Walter Mitty day dreams, pretending we were grappling with some huge Himalayan summit alongside the great names of mountaineering: Messner, Bonington, Scott. Perhaps they were souls only other climbers revere, but they were real people, real legends, real inspirations to all weekend warriors in all the world's great ranges.

As we clambered up the rubble-strewn gully, John began to move faster and so at one point he pulled ahead.

Looking at his boot soles reminded me of an episode on Mount of the Holy Cross. He and I had finished a splendid early summer ascent of the snow-filled east gully, but during the descent found ourselves traveling over snow so soft it wouldn't support our weight. Underneath this rotten layer hid a hard ice sheet. John slipped, slid, and couldn't stop himself with his ice ax. My choices: step out of the way and let my partner smash into the rocks below, or thrust myself into his path to check his fall. Our chests slammed into each other, and I staggered back, grateful his sharp-pointed crampons had missed my ribs. Friendship is the instinct that overwhelms selfishness.

Crestone Peak is split like a gun sight, so when we topped the gully we peered down the steep other side. Then it was a short scramble to the top, with its grand views of other high summits and the Great Sand Dunes. The raptor who had been feuding with ravens had flown off, but we still could see the big horn sheep far below. No other humans were in view.

With the help of a great soul mate, I'd finally triumphed on the seventh try. Now it was clear which was the most important, the peak or the friendship.

As we descended, I remembered an old climber's saying: you never really conquer a mountain. You stand on its summit for a few moments, then the wind blows your footprints away.

PERSONAL EXPLANATION

HON. RUBÉN HINOJOSA

OF TEXAS

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, November 28, 2001

Mr. HINOJOSA. Mr. Speaker, I regret that I was unavoidably detained this morning. Had I been present, I would have voted "yes" on

rollcall 451. In addition I would have voted "yes" on rollcall No. 448, but was also unavoidably detained.

PERSONAL EXPLANATION

HON. BOB CLEMENT

OF TENNESSEE

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, November 28, 2001

Mr. CLEMENT. Mr. Speaker, on rollcall vote No. 450, I was unavoidably detained on official business. Had I been present, I would have voted "yea," and I ask unanimous consent that this statement be placed in the appropriate portion of the RECORD.

Mr. Speaker, on rollcall vote No. 449, I was unavoidably detained on official business. Had I been present, I would have voted "yea."

IN HONOR OF DEPUTY POLICE CHIEF THOMAS P. KANE

HON. ROBERT MENENDEZ

OF NEW JERSEY

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, November 28, 2001

Mr. MENENDEZ. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to honor and pay tribute to Deputy Police Chief Thomas Kane of the Jersey City Police Department. On Thursday, November 29, 2001, Thomas Kane will celebrate his retirement with family, friends, and colleagues at Puccini's Restaurant in Jersey City, NJ.

As a 28-year veteran of the Jersey City Police Department, Thomas Kane has enjoyed an extensive and successful career as one of Jersey City's finest. In 1973, Thomas Kane joined the Jersey City Police Department. Quickly earning the respect and admiration of his peers and supervisors, he was promoted to the rank of Sergeant in 1979. In 1985, Thomas Kane was again rewarded for his hard work and commitment, when he was appointed to the rank of Lieutenant. Between 1992 and 1994, Officer Kane served as a Commander in the Records Bureau and North District Divisions. Following his assignment in the Records Bureau and North District, he was promoted to Inspector and headed up the Inspectional Services Unit in the Office of the Chief of Police. In 1997, Mr. Kane assumed the rank of Deputy Chief.

A graduate of St. John's Grammar School and St. Michael's High School, Thomas Kane received his Bachelors of Arts in Economics from New Jersey City University. He later continued his studies at New Jersey City University by acquiring his Master's Degree in Criminal Justice.

An active community leader and role model for Jersey City youths, Thomas Kane serves as a member of the Jersey City Police Emerald Society and the Police Department's We Care Basketball Team. In addition, he serves as Executive Vice President of the Deputy Chiefs of Police Association of the State of New Jersey.

Thomas Kane and his wife Pamela are the proud parents of two daughters, Tara and Erin.

Today, I ask my colleagues to join me in honoring Thomas Kane for his commitment to helping others and for his years of distinguished service in the Jersey City Police Department.